The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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Mother Goose.

TELL me a story, mamma,
One that is not very long;
I am getting so tired and sleepy;
Or sing me a little song,

"Something about the boy in blue,
That watches the cows and sheep,
Who ought to get up and blow the horn,
But who lies in the hay asleep."

And I answered with quick impatience,
While he hung his sleepy head,
"No, not a story, or song to-night—
Bertie must go to bed."

But after the room was silent,
And the tired boy asleep,
And never a sound fell on my ear,
Save the cricket's lonely peep;

The voice with the tone of pleading
Kept coming again and again—
"Tell me a story, or sing me a song"—
Till I could not bear the pain.

So I went with stealthy footstep
To see how my darling slept;
Weak and foolish though it may seem,
I knelt by the bed and wept.

To think that I had denied him
The song that he loved so well;
And refused the simple story
That none but a mother can tell.

So I said, sleep on, sweet dreamer,
Fear not the cows nor sheep,
Dream that you lie in the meadows,
Under the hay asleep.

All too soon you will waken,
To watch o'er the fields of corn,
All too soon will the sheep get in,
Though you bravely blow your horn.

The Little Sower.

SORROWS will not last forever,
Brighter times will come again,
Joy our grief succeed,
Like the sunshine after rain.

The Rain Fairies.

TIM was plodding home from school in the rain. He had been careless that morning — had lain his umbrella down on the roadside, to chase a squirrel into the woods. He had chased poor Bunny too long, and when he went back to the place where he had left his umbrella, he found that somebody had taken possession of it.

It had been raining quite hard, but had stopped; and as it was an April day with real April weather, it began to rain again before Tim reached the schoolhouse. Tim lived in the country, and was obliged to walk two miles to school and carry his dinner.

When he went into the schoolroom, the teacher scolded him for being late, as it was the third morning he had been late to school, and Tim's teacher had lost his patience.

Tim, like a great many other people when they have acted foolishly or sinfully, felt cross at every body and every thing but himself. When school was over he was obliged to go home in the rain, which made him feel still more uncomfortable and ill-humored; and as the rain was making him cold and wet he grumbled at that.

"There! I do wish it never would rain again. I'm tired of seeing this horrid, old drizzle, drizzle, drizzle! Nothing but rain, rain, rain, the last three days."

"Ha, ha, ha! What would you do without the beautiful rain drops that we take so much pains to bring you, *we* should like to know?"

When he glanced around and saw the Rain Fairies—for it was the Rain Fairies who were laughing at him—Tim saw that the air and earth were almost covered with the tiniest, oddest little brown-faced fairies that ever were seen. Some were sitting on the leaves of trees, some were peeping out of the bushes, and all—yes, every fairy held a rain-drop in his hand, as they had just thrown one away, and was hurrying back to the clouds to get another.

The fairies had brought so many rain-drops to earth already, that the ground was very wet, and as Tim was out of humor, he thought the fairies would be more agreeable if they should carry rain-drops elsewhere.

"It's well enough," he said crossly, "to bring your old rain-drops down here, but you have been bringing them the last three days. What's the use of soaking every thing and every body through and through, and making them feel as if they had fallen into the sea, and had been fished out again."

"Well, who's fault is it if people get wet—not ours! It is our duty to bring the rain from the clouds; but it is your duty to take care of your umbrella and see that we don't sprinkle you too much. Ha, ha, ha! well, you are a queer fellow to grumble at other people when you should be grumbling at yourself! What, do you suppose, would become of this fine old tree, if we didn't give him plenty of water to drink? What would you do this summer without the shade of his beautiful green leaves; and what would you do if we didn't give the flowers a bath once in a while. Would they look as bright and fresh when you gathered them, covered with dust and fainting with the heat of the sun? Ha, ha, ha! *you* find fault with your best friend," said the fairies all together; and the air rang with the music of their merry voices.

"You just stop laughing at me, if you please, and I'll not grumble at you any more. I'll take good care of my umbrella the next time you bring the rain, and if I lose it I'll not complain. You have taught me a good lesson which I'll try to remember, so good-bye, fairies," and away ran Tim down the road while the fairies pelted him with their tiny silver rain-drops as fast as they could. Tim laughed and hurried home; but whenever he felt inclined to complain after that, when he had been made unhappy or uncomfortable by his own carelessness or sinfulness, he would remember the lesson the Rain Fairies had taught him, and the promise he had made them, and would resolve to correct his faults in the future.

Tim had a fine imagination, just as many other children have, and when he heard that "still small voice," his conscience, speaking to him, he imagined he saw a wonderful party of Rain Fairies, and that they were talking to him, all speaking at once, and saying the same thing, just as you and I imagine we can hear the voices of the six hundred choir boys that sing in St. Peter's Church at Rome, on Christmas Day.

Anna M. L. Moseley.

A Real "Charm!"

A YOUNG farmer found that he was not in good health, and that he was not getting on in the world. He went to a friend to ask his advice.

This friend knew him well, and with a very grave face he said to him: "I know of a charm that will cure you. Take this little cup. Drink from it every morning of the water you must get at the spring; but remember that you must draw it yourself at five o'clock, or the charm will be broken."

Next morning the farmer walked across his fields to the spring, which was a good way off. As he went, he saw that some cows had broken through the fence, and were feeding among the green corn. He turned them out and mended the fence, as his men were not yet at hand. When they came, they were long after their proper time, and were startled at seeing "master" out so early.

"Oh," said he, "I see how it is. All this comes of my not getting up in time."

This early rising soon became pleasant to him. His walk and cup of cold water made him ready for a good breakfast, and his health soon became better. His men, like himself, were now all at work early, and he began to prosper.

He soon saw that the advice his friend had given was as good as it was simple.

THOU must be true to thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the lip full speech.
Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

Tory Bur.

HER name was Lily, but her brothers called her Dotty, when she braced her little feet and wouldn't run up stairs after their mittens and skates. Grandpa always said, when she went to see him, "How do you do, Elizabeth?" Mamma called her Thistle Down, and Humming Bird, and Butterfly, because she was always perched on the baluster, or the arm of the rocking chair, or swinging with the blossoms on the apple boughs.

A poet who writes fairy legends, stooped down once and kissed her, and said, "You are the rose and lily in one."

Her sister 'Del, looking over her shoulder, said, "There comes my shadow!" and her little brother Ned, trudging after, screamed "Lil! Lill! w-a-i-t!" But her papa (everybody said she was papa's little girl) called her Tory Bur, and this name seemed to stick. When papa came from his long ride in the cars, and was late to dinner, there was Tory Bur fastened to his arm, helping herself to beefsteak, and sipping tea with his spoon, and she says,

"Papa, we went sleighriding this afternoon, with Uncle Ralph; and the bells said, 'white-valle! white-valle!' Have you seen my picture come home? 'Tain't nice. I'll keep still next time, and have the flatirons on my head."

Then she is seated on papa's shoulder, and they go marching back to the newspaper, while she sings at the top of her voice. "Don't you know what that is, papa? That is 'Father, dear father,' every one of it, only, but the rest."

One summer morning she perched herself on the arm of her mother's rocking chair, and commenced her chat. "Mr. Lanson's trees and our trees were visiting this morning, over the fence. I heard the leaves whispering and whispering, and shaking their fingers, this way"—and she bent herself over and shook her little hands like leaves dancing in the wind.

Tory Bur was voted a nuisance in the kitchen, especially when the cake-making was going on. Then her flossy curls were powdered with sugar, and every identical finger was a magnet. As sure as one touched the table, it came back with a rasin or a bit of lemon peel or a drop of frosting sticking to it.

One day her mamma gave her a pencil and piece of paper, and she sat down by the window to write. Looking up after a moment, she said, "Mamma, may I plant some morning glories next summer? I planted some *peach glories* last summer. O, Annie, Annie, do come here, and see the catalogues go by! The cow has got a horn, and two ears to hear what it is! Pretty six! I can't write this;" and away went the pencil and paper.

Sometimes Tory Bur got fastened to the carpet in a fit of meditation. After a long silence, once, she broke out with, "I smell Indians, guns and spears and wild beef. I know what makes the grass all off yonder—the bears used to eat it up."

Nothing pleased Tory so much as tableaux. While her mamma was sewing and could be spectator, the folding doors into the bedroom was closed, to be opened at the ringing of the bell, when Ned and she appeared in fantastic costume. "Riding down Broadway," was a favorite scene. Ned, as the little fat woman, wore a plaid woolen shawl, a red scarf around his head, the ends hanging down behind like a Chinese pig tail; over this a white worsted veil, and a little round hat on a stick for a parasol. Tory, as a gentleman, wore her papa's fur muffler, driving gloves, and a wide-brimmed hat; the omnibus, a rocking chair turned up, and a pillow for a cushion. If the older children happened to come in, up went the little fat hands over Ned's eyes, quite disconcerted to be found in female attire; but Tory never stopped in her singing,

"The gayest thing in life
Is riding down Broadway."

Never was Tory so much of a *bur* as when 'Del wanted to go visiting. Then she seemed by some mysterious process to be fastened to 'Del's skirts. She appeared in every closet. She was up stairs, she was down stairs, she was in the lady's chamber; and when the last knot was tied, and the last glove was on, no matter if 'Del *did* go the back way and "cross lots," Tory was sure to be there "just as soon."

It is spring, now, and Tory has commenced gardening. She brought in, first, a little winged maple seed, with a twist of green hanging to it; then a basket of chestnuts sprouted in the grass; then she covered the piazza with moss. In a few days she will be humming with the bees among the apple blossoms, and her mamma will say, "you are the rose and the lily in one;" but her papa, when he comes from his office, will hug her up close, and call her his Tory Bur.

Children.

COME to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That looks towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine
In your thoughts the brooklets flow;
But in mine is the wind of autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender faces
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunk below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are the living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

Longfellow.

—o-o-o—

The Nobly Born.

WHO counts himself as nobly born,
Is noble in despite of place,
And honors are but bands to one
Who wears them not with nature's grace.

The prince may sit with clown or churl,
Nor feel his state disgraced thereby;
But he who has but small esteem,
Husbands that little carefully.

Then be thou peasant, be thou peer,
Count it still more than art thy own;
Stand on a larger heraldry
Than that of nation or of zone.

What though not bid to knightly halls?
Those halls have missed a courtly guest;
That mansion is not privileged,
Which is not open to the best.

Give honor due when custom asks,
Nor wrangle for the lesser claim;
It is not to be destitute,
To have the thing without the name.

Then, dost thou come of noble blood,
Disgrace not thy good company;
If lowly born, so bear thyself
That gentle blood may come of thee.

Strive not with pain to scale the height
Of some fair garden's petty wall,
But scale the open mountain side,
Whose summit rises over all.

Curley and the Fox.

CURLEY is the dog that we meet every vacation at the old homestead; he takes the place there of Rover, Lion, Bose, and other dear old pets; companions of our boyhood days—who used to play with us in the dooryard when Chauncey or Eddie, or Burton, or George didn't happen to come along, hunt woodchucks in the stone walls, and bring us up the cows from the woods. We had but to go to the head of the long lane and shout —"Whrey up! Whrey up! Fetch 'em up! Fetch 'em up!" when off they would run, leaving us to pick raspberries, while they brought up the whole flock. Dear old fellows, how I would love to see them once more. And do you know, children, I more than half expect to, when or where I hardly dare say.

A shaggy old dog is Curley, with an intelligent

face, a bushy tail turned over on his back, and at the other end a tongue always sticking out, for he is very fat and the least exertion makes him loll.

Wherever we go at home, walking or riding, Curley goes with us, now running on before, now galloping behind, picking up a stick and bringing it for us to take hold of and lead him, running through the water, jumping the fence after birds; in short doing every possible thing that a good-natured fellow like him can do.

In his rambles through the woods and fields he has managed to pick up some rather curious acquaintances, one of whom I was going to tell you about. It is a little red fox who was born up on Pond Hill in full sight of the house; at least we suppose so, for a whole family of them lived there the year before, and you can see to to this day the paths the little chaps wore in the hard ground, chasing each other around the big stump near which they had their hole.

Being brought up so near made Foxey feel acquainted, I suppose, and his brother's and sister's having gone off, he felt lonesome and thought he would come down and have a little run with the dog. At all events he did it several times, whatever were his reasons for it. The two would be seen, standing a rod or two apart, the fox making a funny little bark at the dog. "St boy!" the master would shout, when after his new acquaintance Curley would dash with all fury, as much as to say, "Master, this sly chicken-stealer is no friend of mine, and I would catch and shake him if I could." Around the meadow they would go, up the hillside into the woods out of sight. After a while Curley would come back looking hot and tired, and right after him, not a bit troubled, would be the fox.

One Sunday morning we were going to church. Curley was with us as usual. He never neglected his duty of church-going, if the horses went; never had a cough, or rheumatism, or Sunday sickness of any kind; never stayed at home because of cold or heat, rain or snow,—a very exemplary dog he was in this respect.

As we came to the top of the hill, what should we see near a clump of trees growing in the middle of the field, but our friend, the fox, trying to kill a woodchuck. It was in early spring, and chuckie had just come out of his hole to stretch his legs, after his long winter sleep, and Mr. Fox had pounced upon him and was trying to worry him to death. He was too much afraid of the woodchuck's four strong front teeth to dare attack him in front, so he was trying to tire him out, leaping around him, and getting in a bite whenever he got a good chance.

Curley saw it, and at once rushed to the help of his old friend. The poor woodchuck made fight for a few moments, but was soon conquered and killed, and the dog stood over him, wagging his tail. All the time this was going on, the fox was walking around the two, or sitting on his haunches a few feet from them. When the woodchuck had been disposed of, now, says Curley, I will try what I can do with you, Sir Reynard: and after him he went with a rush. The fox wasn't at all troubled. Round and round he went, just keeping out of the reach of the dog, as you have seen boys while playing tag, until he thought they had played long enough, when over the wall he bounced, and they were soon out of sight. On the other side of the hill the dog came back and joined us. And what do you think that impudent little fox did but follow him, a few rods behind, and sit looking through a gap in the wall as we rode past! Then he ran away, and the last we saw of him he was watching a neighbor's barn-yard.

Three Times to the Door.

Only for fun Willie knocked at the door,
And quickly did run. Hannah sweeping the floor,
Stopped short with her broom, looked wild 'ronnd the room,
And said in a flurry, O dear, I must hurry
And go to the door! O my, what a floor!

No one was there!

Only for fun again the boy tapped,
And quickly did run. Hannah's eyes sharply snapped,
And she caught up her broom, hurried out of the room,
And said, I will fix him—O, she looked like a vixen,
But then such a lad would drive any one mad.

No one was there!

Again Hannah heard, as her coffee she stirred,
A delicate rap, a lady-like tap,
She turned from the fire, and O, there was ire
In both of her eyes, and she looked very wise
As quickly she stole, like a soft-footed mole,
Across the white floor and reached the front door.

Tap tap, went the fingers—not a second she lingers,
But opens the door to pay off the old score.

Some one was there!!

VALUE the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in sunshine.

Our Sunday Schools.

MAINE.

There is a very interesting Sunday School at Belfast. The pastor is Rev. F. S. Bowen.

At Stockton though they have no pastor the Sunday School is well attended.

CONNECTICUT.

The Sunday School at Danbury has not been suspended during the summer months, but they held a session every Sunday morning.

Rev. N. S. Sage writes: "We organized our Sunday School at Lodi, on Sunday the 4th inst., with thirty pupils arranged in four classes. Received twenty-five copies of the GUIDING STAR, four *Helpers* and thirty Lesson papers, all paid for. The interest is good and prospects quite encouraging. Bro. Thomas mentions the fact that the oldest person in Morrow County is a member of our Sunday School at Mt. Gilead. Good! but Lodie can say something good about old people too; Mother Harris—the first white woman who found a home in Medina County—is a zealous supporter of our Church and Sunday-School work here, and is always in her place during divine service, when health permits. She is quite feeble, but on her journey down to the land of shadows our glorious faith shines with a radiance that lights and cheers the way."

INDIANA.

The society at Barton celebrated Children's Sunday Aug. 10. We insert the following extract: "The children were early at the Church with their bright eyes sparkling with joy, and the beautiful bouquets of flowers in their hands, to be placed in the church to adorn and beautify it. It could be seen, that all who entered the sanctuary that day, felt the power of the occasion. When our much-loved and faithful pastor, Bro. C H. Dutton, entered the Church, manifestations of delight beamed from his eyes, and his countenance gave utterance to his thoughts as he walked up the aisle and took his seat in the pulpit.

Bro. Dutton preached from the text, "Suffer little children" etc. He made a grand effort and fully met the expectations of that fine audience."

——We insert the following interesting incident connected with the establishment of Buchtel College:

"Those who were at the recent College Convention will not forget the statement made by Mr. Buchtel that the first dollar he received for the school was from little Lilly Snell, of Dayton, and that she was going to give him some more, if 'he wouldn't cry.' Scarcely any of our Sunday Schools have failed to make a contribution, and have thus established a permanent sympathy with the School and its prosperity. This is as it should be. These children will be the more strongly attached to their church and the faith it represents by thus aiding in sustaining its institutions. In this connection, we notice a little incident that occured in Akron. On Aug. 1st., little Willie Clemens called on Br. Buchtel and handed him the five dollars he had subscribed at the great meeting on the Sunday of the Convention. Br. Buchtel said, 'Where did you get this money, Willie?' Willie's prompt reply was: 'I worked in the harvest field and earned it, and I am glad to pay it, for I am going to be educated at Buchtel College This touched Mr. Buchtel's tender heart, and he told Willie that he would pay his tuition for him, if he would graduate at the College. Willie is the son o a mechanic, who is not blessed with a large share of this world's wealth, and Br. Buchtel's offer cannot fail to give pleasure to him, and to all who hear of the circumstance."

Sunday-School Education.

The Sunday School was not designed to produce artificial stupidity in the pupils. The result, however, may be different from the purpose. When it is there must be stupidity in the teachers. No method will be successful unless they make it so. Uniform lessons, manuals and text-books are of no avail in the hands of any but thoroughly *live* teachers. With nothing bnt the New Testament, they who have the requisite knowledge and tact, will make Sunday-School instruction an inestimable blessing.

They must secure, first of all, the attention of the classes. Without this nothing can be accomplished. To do this teachers must come before their pupils thoroughly prepared for each special lesson. Their hearts must be full of it. And not only this; they must come with enthusiasm, to make their pupils as much interested as themselves. Next, they must make the scholars understand what is committed to memory. They must awaken not only attention but inquiry. Nothing must be passed over till thoroughly comprehended by every pupil. And, finally, the lessons must be pressed home to the hearts of the scholars. They must not only be made to understand, but to feel the things taught. The aim must be to make them intelligent and devout Christians.

The teacher, if he would be successful, must rely upon his own resources. He must question the pupil from his own thoughts and convictions, and stir up original and spontaneous answers and inquiries. Here I fear the very books we use. They are mostly books with printed questions and answers. Books are necessary, I allow, for a guide to the mind, and especially to the younger children. But they should be used as only guides. They are not to supply the place of living, natural instruction from the heart and soul. I am impatient with the trammelling influence of these books. I wish, sometimes, there never was a book of the kind for a child over ten years. And I verily believe, that with the present habits of teachers in the general, we should be better off without them. Books without answers are what we need. Arranged in such a way that the answer to one question suggests the question next to come, and one question and answer another, conducting the whole process of the lesson in a natural, easy, systematic way, and throwing the child upon his own wits for the answers. Better, a hundred fold, assist these wits at every question, than trammel up a susceptible understanding with base authority from other's books. Let him learn and inquire at home, or anywhere for answers. I speak earnestly here, for I feel it. I have seen too much automaton teaching and learning. Many schools, or I should say, some teachers may be free from it; but it infects, more or less, every school. I would even risk perplexity and incoherency; anything but a formal, mechanical, square-and-compass method — neither word exactly suits — of conveying instruction to the youthful mind. It is death to the intellect, and death to the interests of any establisment.

The duty of the Sunday-School teacher is to teach the child thoughts, not words. And he who has ever mingled with, or had much to do with children, knows that children can think. They sometimes astonish us with the simple and unconscious profundity of their own artless souls. Children have no more relish for hollow, wordy, lifeless, ceremonial, mechanical form, than we have. They are creatures of interest, and do not generally live in vacancy. A Sabbath-School teacher, therefore, needs to be one of the most flippant, pliant, easy, natural, good-natured, soul-engaging personages imaginable. At any rate, he needs to have thought, and to be able to awaken thought.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON CIII.

PARABLE OF THE FEARFUL SERVANT.

"The fearful and unbelieving shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

SCRIPTURE. — Math. xxv. 14–30.

Question. — In the great change from the Jewish to the Christian dispensation, what should the kingdom of heaven be like?

Answer. — Math. xxv. 14.

Q. — How much money did he put into their hands to use for him?

A. — Math. xxv. 15.

NOTE. A talent of silver was equal to $1 700. A talent of gold was equal to $27,000.

Q. — What did those who had received two and five talents, do with their Lord's money?

A. — Math. xxv. 16, 17.

Q. — What did he who had received one talent do with it?

A. — Math. xxv. 18.

NOTE. It was a common thing to bury money to make sure of its safety. The parable in which the man ploughing in the field, unexpectedly turned up some money, is founded upon this practice. This servant did not dare to keep the money about his person lest he might lose it or have it stolen.

Q. — When the Lord of these servants returned, what account was the servant who had charge of five talents, able to make?

A. — Math. xxv. 20.

Q. — What reward did he receive?

A. — Math. xxv. 21.

Q. — What report did the servant in whose charge two talents were placed, make of what he had done?

A. — Math. xxv. 22.

Q. — What reward did he receive?

A. — Math. xxv. 23.

Q. — When the other servant came to report, what did he say?

A. — Math. xxv. 25, 24.

NOTE. The other servants believed their lord was just and good, and that even if they did fail in attempting to serve him, he would honor their sincere efforts and forgive their failure. Therefore they engaged in business cheerfully. But this servant believed what was false of his lord, and did not dare to use the money placed in his hands, lest he should lose it, for he believed his lord would never respect any efforts to serve him unless they were successful. Therefore he did not dare to keep the money about his person lest he might lose it.

Q. — What did his lord tell him he should have done?

A. — Math. xxv. 27.

Q. — What was done to the servant?

A. — Math. xxv. 29, 30.

NOTE. The lesson of this parable is a perfect trust in the goodness of God. Fearfulness and unbelief destroy the heart. We must believe that God will respect every sincere effort to serve him even if it should be unsuccessful. But success waits upon confidence and love.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

1. A Roman governor of Judea.
2. A king who slept on an iron bedstead.
3. The father of Noah.
4. A nephew of Abraham.
5. A daughter-in-law of Naomi.
6. Was in the beginning with God.
7. A leader of the children of Israel.
8. Caused an ax to swim.

The initials of the answers form a command which Christ gives all his disciples.

Bible Question.

What rebel leader lost his head through the advice of a wise woman?

Answer.

Aug 31. Adoni-bezek, Balaam, Candace, David, Chud, Felix, Gideon, Hagar, Isaac, Jehu, Korah, Lot, Manoah, Nebuchadnezzar, Og, Phineas, Quartus, Rachel, Sanballat, Tobiah, Uriah, Vophsi.

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